

# THE NIGHTMARE



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## Prologue

I could feel the shattered remains of stone and glass pressed hard against my bare feet. My vision was blurred by the dust that filled the air. Cries for help ripped through the darkness. After more pain filled steps forward, a warm liquid touched the bottom of my feet, blood! Immediate dread was sent through my spine. I knew there was no hope of survival. I held back the flow of tears as hard as I could. I always imagined my death quick, more like a kiss, but this was nothing close to it. As a child I wanted to die a hero, not sitting down on the shattered remains of what once was my home. There was no fighting back, there was, in one word, nothing. This was the end, I'd die covered in blood, suffocated by the dirtiest of air. I am no hero, I can't even save myself, my sister, my home. I am what the world has become... nothing. My life flashed before me. My last thought hurt me the most, more than any psychical pain I've ever had to endure. I could have stopped this all.

The days that lead to this incident were normal. Whatever normal meant around here. Kids looking for something to play with. Men hunting for food, a luxury many must be without. Women were looking over the property, sewing the ripped remains of whatever cloth they used for cover. And now you ask where was I? I was celebrating my eighteenth birthday

## Chapter One

"Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you!" Marilyn, my younger sister, ventured into the darkness of my room, happily continuing the tune. I drowsily awoke from my slumber and looked at the small figure staring right at me. In her hands she grasped a single cupcake, on top of it a candle was wedged in an oblique way. The candle light illuminated the room. "Hurry blow your candle and make a wish!" Marilyn's excitement was bursting through her face as she spoke. I glanced her way, the smile placed on her face showed all of her teeth

I snarled and without hesitation replied "I don't believe in wishes"

"Come on brother don't be so negative!" Marilyn whined "I'll show you what to do. Close your eyes, think what you want most in the world and wish for it, then blow!" Marilyn acted out each step.

"Okay," I whispered. Believe me if this wasn't my sister telling me to do this I would go back to sleep but since it is, how can I say no to the only person I trust. I closed my eyes and thought hard. What do I want? Why am I even doing this? It won't come true. Gosh.

"Hurry! The candle is melting!"

"Okay, okay," I inhaled a gust of air and with all my might blew the flame away

"What did you wish for?" I could feel Marilyn's eyes staring at me waiting for an answer.

"I might as well tell you, it's not going to come true anyway."

"Hooray!" Marilyn exclaimed with her fist in the air. I took a deep breath trying to take in the wonderful silence and slowly whispered.

"I wished things were different."

None of what you would understand. You're scratching your heads, asking yourself "Why waste a wish on something so unpredictable." Let me explain. The Ruins, this is the place I call home, its on the Darkside of the planet. After World War III the nuclear bombs destroyed half the planet

those who survived the destruction are forced to live in poverty and disease. Thanks to this you'd be lucky to even reach the age of 18. Lucky me, having to face 18 years of torture, 18 years of fighting, 18 years of unfulfilled dreams and now I'm here forced to wish on a useless candle. Many times I lay in bed waiting for my last breath, but I can't just yet. I have someone to look after, Marilyn, who now was covered in a cupcake mess. So there is my wish and well, now you know.

## Chapter Two

"Brother what a waste of a wish!" Marilyn exclaimed, her mouth chewing on a chunk of cupcake. She's too young to understand. After a quick sigh, I ignored the comment and left the room without another word.

I went outside only to get blasted by intense sunlight. The light burned my pupils which were more suited for the darkness. Using my cupped hand, I lifted it over my head to block the light. I got a pretty good look of the crowd of diseased people, grappling on the verge of death. How pathetic we have become. I walked on further, not knowing exactly where I was going, sometimes I like to let my feet lead the way. It must not have been long until I reached Gods Gate.

This is the gate separating the two halves of Earth. No one dares to cross into the Sunside (the unbroken side of Earth). We are hated by those across the gate. Why should they care about the destruction when the war has been won? To them we are trash, not worthy of admiration.

## Chapter Three

"Do not move." the sudden command broke the still silence. As the voice spoke something cold poked the base of my spine. I knew what it was before I turned around. Sometimes survival leads to murder. There looking up to me a kid who looked old enough to be the age of seventeen cocked his gun. Of course he wasn't alone, he brought the family, fourteen year old girl, twelve year old boy, each cowering behind the leg of the eldest. It almost broke my heart to see this picture... I did say almost, Right?

I moved fast leaping to the right as the first couple of bullets missed their target smashing into the gate. Boom! Metal against metal created an ear shattering sound. I used that as my distraction going down low I managed a roundhouse kick to the gut. The force managed to take his breath away. However it wasn't my victory yet.

I surveyed the battlefield. This could not be right, my attackers have multiplied. Surrounding every corner of the field was now a monstrous group of eight. There is never a time to play fair these days.

## Chapter Four

I'm empty handed, looking at these ogres. There was one in particular, probably the head of the pack. Bald, muscular and by the looks of him defiantly hungry. "Go!" the leader barked.

I guess I should count myself lucky, they only had one gun. This left seven members to fight bare knuckle. I inhaled what potentially could be my last breathe. I told myself to focus, it is always better to fight with a clear head. That was when I saw him. The first attacker. A short, skimpy kid, his fist aiming for the base of my side. I turned and grasped his fist around my hand. My speed stunned him, that provided time. Pretty soon my free hand found itself wrapped around his throat. Without much force, I lifted him above my head, spun and tossed him like a grenade. He flew across the sky. The look on his face was pure terror. He ended up tackling the only girl in the group. It was a short victory leaving now only six attackers to take care of.

"Who's next!" I taunted. My answer a kick behind my leg. I blacked out for two seconds, enough time for the attacker to get his greasy arms around my neck. I was caught in a headlock. I could only see one thing, the gun. Its tip pointing straight for my head. I did the only thing I could think of. I bit the thumb of my strangler. His headlock lost its force and with a quick side spin and turn I found myself behind the beast, and I mean the beast. Six feet of pure fat and hair. I could not believe I bit him! I finally realized the horrible taste dominating my taste buds. I didn't have time to spit the taste out because what happened next was quick. If you even blinked you would have missed it.

The kid with the gun had already pulled the trigger when I escaped. Three holes now had entered the beast's heart. He tipped over about to collapse right on top of me. Keeping both hands out, I managed to support him up. Pushing my feet forward I used him as a ram, pushing him straight into the gunman.

The beast's dead body was too much for the gunman, they both went down. With the gunman's last bit of strength he curled his finger around the trigger, sending bullets flying. A man, skinny but tall, on the left had no chance of survival. His whole body had been replaced by holes. My luck was better than his. A single bullet entered my shoulder. The pain, it came instantly, same as the blood. The pain, it's memory engraved in my brain. It's not possible to forget. The hole on my shoulder, a possible three inches, was not deep enough to kill. However, I still felt and tasted death. It tasted bitter, it was, in reality, blood. I kept one hand over the bullet's entryway, as I struggled to move forward. The area was already starting to blur around me. Falling, I landed on my knees next to two dead bodies, the beast and gunman. I took the gun. Pushing up with immense force on my part I stood to find my last three attackers. I wrapped my finger around the cold of the gun's trigger, closed my eyes, and shot.

## Chapter Five

Marilyn swallowed the last piece of the cupcake. She took a deep breath, and closed her eyes, a normal action for her when she was deep in thought. Today her main focus was her brother. Sometimes his gloominess deeply irritated her, today was one of those days. "How could he act this way on his birthday?" she thought. She looked out the door Blake had left through, it was ajar. She now thought to take off as well and search for him. Quickly voting against it however, he needed his space. That's when she heard it, the fire of a weapon. She of course immediately remembered the noise that haunted her at night. "Oh," she thought, "I hope Blake is okay." She sighed and sat on a nearby chair in wait. Finally, her wait was over, she took out the beeping pager from her pocket. Her face had lost its happiness, she turned serious. Her smile now was straight. "Finally," she announced in a whisper "It's time."

## Chapter Six

Oh course my shot missed. It flew straight past its target and smashed into God's Gate. Usually I would be fine with it, if this wasn't the last bullet, but of course it was.

"Ha ha," the menacing laughter of the leader awoken my senses. I had to focus. Three attackers were left, each of them moving towards me. I was forced to move back until my back felt God's Gate.

I closed my eyes as if in prayer waiting for what would come next. What actually did come was not expected. Two attackers fell to the ground exposing their backs full of wounds. From the

amount of wounds on their backs I was surprised they managed this long. They obviously had reached their limits. That left an unscathed leader and me, wounded and defenseless.

The leader, his face red from rage, tightened his fist. "You will pay for this!" Boom! His fist smashed against my face. Then another punch, followed by another. I was getting pummeled, blacking out fast. I was still breathing. I don't know how but through my beating, I received a long forgotten memory.

I was young, maybe nine. Marilyn was only a baby. I was with my dad before the war had happened. He was a soldier, not only that, he was the leader of the army. We stood together staring at the moonlight. I was pleading to my dad, I wanted to fight with him. "Dad, please I want to go with you."

"You can't son, you're not ready."

"I know I am."

He looked up at the sky, deep in thought. "You can't son. Out there is dangerous. You need to learn something to survive out there. You need to know to fight until you're last breath."

"But.."

"No buts, hey buddy don't forget we need you here to protect your sister."

And with that ends the mark of the memory. How long ago that was. It was my last memory of my father. A lot has changed since then. Both the world and I have changed.

*Keep fighting until your last breathe.* The words echoed in my head. I inhaled the air around me and devised a plan. I ducked to avoid the swing of the leader's fist, it hit the gate. It was time to proceed with the plan. With the much strain to my body I flew off my feet, my hand balled in a fist. Bam! An uppercut hit the bottom of the leader's jaw. He collapsed. He still was moving however, forcing his way back up. I started running, half limping, to where I had dropped the gun and picked it up. I turned and smashed it against side of the leaders face. He went down like a bowling pin and stayed there unmoving. It was finally over. Limping, I walked towards the direction of my house. I fought both fatigue and pain on the way. Finally my home came to view. I took a step inside, took a breathe and collapsed.

## Chapter Seven

I groggily opened my eyes, but quickly closed them. The light was to intense. With my quick glance I managed to determine one thing. This wasn't my home. Where was I? Where is Marilyn? Once again I slowly opened my eyes, trying to adjust to the lights conditions. I shifted up to a sitting position. I took in my surroundings. This place was amazing, crafted wooden seats. ornate tables with gold emblems, lots of beeping and blinking colors connected to something of the past that used to be found everywhere, If I remember right it's called technology. I was on an actual bed too. It was soft and warm. Once again I asked where was I? That's when I remembered the fight. I checked my body. Nothing, no blood, what should be scabs or infected by puss was now a scar, if not completely healed, as if nothing happened. What is going on? All the mysteriousness provided an almost scary vibe. This wasn't normal, this shouldn't be happening. I jumped out the bed and ran.

I found now where to go to. I was contained, there was no door. I turned and saw the first person I've seen all day. He was tall, 5'8. He was muscular, his body revealing scars here and there. He had long black dark as night hair running down all the way to the end of his neck. He had a scar

running down his cheek. However out of all this, his most striking feature was his eyes. They were a striking bright red like the blood seeping out of a raw flesh wound. Their gaze was the gateway to a persons' soul. That's when I realized, I was not looking at anyone. Instead it was a reflection, it was a mirror, it was me.

## Chapter Eight

Whoosh! A huge gust of wind blew as a part of the wall raised itself. I turned my head to find the wall had revealed two new figures. A man and a woman. "So you are awake. Blake is it?" the man was speaking.

"Who are you? Where am I?"

"I assure you all your questions will be answered," it was the woman speaking now, "Please follow us first." There was no other way out so I did as I was told. We ended up in another room, it was plain, it had a round table and three chairs. I took a seat.

"So," I questioned. "Who..."

"I'll make this quick and easy for all of us. My name is Ellen," the woman explained interrupting my question, pointing to the man she said, "This is Dave."

"Where am I?"

"I think you know," Ellen said a small smile on her face.

"This is the Sunside isn't it?"

"Yes sir, it is."

"But why bring me here, this is unheard of. What do your guys want with me?" I asked.

"We need you to work for us."

"Work for you? You're the reason why the world is like this, split in half. Why would I help the ones who destroyed." my anger was sudden and unexpected to both me and my interrogators.

"It was war that destroyed, not us, and war is exactly what we are trying to prevent." Dave now had taken the lead. "Word goes around fast, so you may have heard of the rebellion."

"The rebellion?"

"Members from the Darkside are rebelling against us, they want better for themselves, they want our land, they want war, war means destruction. Each day new members join in the battle. Although we thought of it as a minor threat in the past it cannot be seen as that any longer. We need you to be our spy find out what is going happening behind enemy lines, we want to prevent war and saves lives. You are the one we chose to help us."

"Why me?"

"We saw the fight through the security cameras installed in Gods Gate. We saw what you can do and we need that kind of talent in our hands"

"And if I refuse."

"We have something special to you in our custody. If you want to save it do as your told." As if on cue a picture appeared on the screen on the right wall, it was Marilyn. No how could they...

## Chapter Nine

"I'm in," I declared, not to them, but to the screen that had now turned black, "But, if you do anything to hurt her, anything at all, you won't have to worry about the world, you are gonna have to worry about yourself, knowing I'm out there to end you. Understood!"

If Dave was scared by my threat he did not show it. His face was still as he spoke the next two words. "I understand."

My journey to the Sunside was short, I barely had time for sightseeing. My only view of the place was the two rooms that were both contained. My guess was that wasn't a coincidence. Still my mind came back to the last thing I asked. "How do I join the rebellion?"

Ellen and Dave both looked at each other, they knew the answer. It was Dave who talked with a straight face that revealed nothing. His tone was dense as he spoke, "You have to make a scene."

Now that's how I found myself looking at Gods Gate back on the Darkside. In my hand I gripped tight a crow bar, a gift from my new friends or maybe my new enemies from the Sunside. Their directions were very clear as they repeated themselves inside my head. Smash! Boom! Bang! I was denting Gods Gate hitting it with massive force. The sound was familiar to me, metal against metal. That moment was when I felt something suddenly. I thought this whole incident was a joke. That this wasn't happening. I thought I was being set up, no maybe I felt like I was being played. However, one thing was actually true; Marilyn could be in possible danger.

It's funny how I didn't notice them, maybe smashing the gate had become to fun and so I lost focus. Maybe the noise I was making was to loud it distracted me. I really don't remember. What I do remember though was a bag. A bag had been placed over my head. Then nothing, total darkness. Maybe I fainted from having no air. Whatever it was, I still found myself in total darkness when I awoke. Then I had a rude awakening when the bag had been taken away. Everywhere I went lately the light was just to bright. I definitely was sitting down, my hands were tied behind my back, and whoever tied them didn't hold back, the rope was strangling my wrist. I was trapped. However, this time I wasn't alone. A masked man stood in front of me. His mask revealed only one thing, his eyes, which were examining me carefully.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"You don't need to know."

"What..." I began.

"Why were you smashing the gate?" he asked

"I have a specific distaste for those on the Sunside." I said with ease. I wasn't totally lying when I said that. He examined me once again.

"So," my interrogator began, "If you had the chance, you would kill anyone on the Sunside?"

"Are you kidding, if I had that chance I would take it in a heartbeat!" My comment must have amused him. He laughed menacingly.

"Then you're in."

"In what exactly?" I spoke in a whisper, I just couldn't believe this was happening.

Finally after one last examination he spoke, "The rebellion."

## Chapter Ten

I had a routine to follow those days, find information and pass it on. I learned new information about their weaponry, plans and ideas. They were definitely preparing for war. I followed the rebels at day, at night I would sneak off to the Sunside. However, I only kept my mind straight on

one thing, saving Marilyn. I thought I was doing a pretty good job until word spread of a spy roaming through the halls of our establishment. I don't know how they figured it out, it was like a bomb that exploded out of nowhere. It was mid-morning a meeting had been announced. We had seats to sit in usually but on that day there were no chairs.

"What's happening?"

"Quiet!" a man's booming voice rang through my ears. "Stand in a line! Single file! Now!"

The others and I from the rebellion had done what was told. This was all new to me then that made me nervous; however, I made sure my expression remained calm. I scanned the room for possible exits. The meeting place was underground I would have to sprint out the door and up a couple of stairs if anything went wrong.

They had some machine with them. They used it to scan each rebel up and down. The machine scanned for Dynamo, a residue that's left on the body if you touch Palliate, the rare type of metal they used to make God's Gate. Of course I didn't know about it at the time so when the machine started beeping when they scanned me I was confused.

At that moment a rebel leader, Bryan, looked at me, examining every fiber of my body. At that moment I knew my cover was blown. Bryan spoke, "Get him!" I ran, dashed out that place as if my life depended on it and well when it came down to it my life really was on the line. I dashed for the nearest exit which was already starting to close. As I passed I was attacking those who tried to attack me. I remember hitting one guy straight on the face, there was a huge cracking sound after that. Pretty soon they started coming out with guns. The first round of bullets shot right past my face, moving my head even a millisecond of an inch would have resulted in my immediate death. But by then I passed my first obstacle, the door, now came the stairs. There was no stopping now. Faster, faster, faster! I was practically yelling at myself to move. It wasn't long before more bullets erupted. Duck, cover, duck cover, each of my steps was a pattern in order to dodge the bullets. I was tired; my breath was in a patting fit. I moved until the sunlight from above was visible but it wasn't the end. My journey was not over.

## Chapter Eleven

It felt like I had ran the entire circumference of Earth when I made it back to God's Gate. I had a password that I had to say when I got there so that they would know it was me. "Terminate!" I screamed, "Terminate! Terminate! Terminate!" I was losing my voice from both lack of air and screaming. "Hurry!" I exclaimed as I looked back at the crowd following my trail. The door to the Gate finally started to open. Once again the shadow of two figures appeared, I knew who they were, Ellen and Dave. I ducked through the gate and ran. "Get Down!" I yelled, my voice was cracking. Then as I gathered all my strength I tackled Ellen and Dave to the ground. It wasn't long until every person's nightmare broke loose. A massive massacre. My darkest fear. Bullets fired from every possible direction, they flew through the sky passing the tip of my head. Then after what seemed like forever the Gate closed separating me from the crowd.

I survived! I couldn't believe it. I closed my eyes, as if to try to stay in the moment. I didn't want to open my eyes again, in that moment I thought opening them would send me back to my nightmare. But this time I can't wake up, my nightmare is my reality. I stayed there until I felt my breathe starting to ease and felt the beating of my heart stop pressing hard against my chest. I



stood up, dusted my pants off and opened my eyes. The first thing I saw was Ellen and Dave. Their faces showed a state of shock. That must not have had this kind of experience firsthand. It was Dave who snapped out of his shock first, "You...you brought them here!" His look of shock was replaced with rage." How.. Why.. You.." He got cut off as a screen crackled to life on the right-hand wall.

A man appeared on the screen. Apparently he was the leader around here, he was known as President Caspian. "We are prepared," he stated, "The war starts today." The war? I thought we were preventing war?

"What..." I began but once again I never got a chance to finish my sentence, the President began to speak again.

"Today an air strike is scheduled to attack the Darkside, we shall end this war before it even starts," the man spoke with no sign of emotion. "We should have destroyed the Darkside a long time ago; those people have been a nuisance from the very beginning. We will eliminate the threat. Good luck soldiers," and with those final words the screened turned black.

I looked at Ellen and Dave in silence for a brief second. Then the gears in my head started turning, their intentions were not to prevent the war, they sent me there as a spy so they could win it. "How dare you!" now I was angry, no wait passed the point of anger so my verbal abuse was not over, "I've seen the effects of war firsthand and if you think for a second this will solve anything your wrong! If one war destroyed half the world the second will destroy it all!"

"Blake...We didn't.." Dave began. I shut him up quickly; I didn't want to hear it. I jabbed him on the right side of his skull and down he went. I ran out of there spitting out curses left and right. Saving my sister now seemed like a dream. I could almost hear her tortured screams ringing in my ear. I had no where to go, I had nothing. I failed my sister, my dad, myself. I walked home sat and thought. That's when the air strike happened.

## Chapter Twelve

That brings you up to the present. By now I've gotten used to waking up and not knowing where I was. So when I woke up in a totally empty room I wasn't surprised. "Blake, your awake." a voice from behind broke the silence. Hold up, I knew that voice... that voice. It belongs to... it couldn't be... it's impossible... I can't believe it... now I'm hearing voices. I turned around. It wasn't my head after all. Long brown hair was dangling down. A small unscathed body stood perfectly straight. Red blood-shot eyes stared deep into mine. It was my sister, it was Marilyn. She's alive! Wait, what? She's alive?

## Chapter Thirteen

I went through the classic question and answer scenario with my sister. Who, what, where, when, why, and how.

"Blake," Marilyn began, "I want to make this clear, the past is the past this is the present, this is my present and possibly my future. I am the leader of the rebellion. I'm the successor of our father, he chose me."

"He didn't even allow me to set foot on the battle field at your age, let alone lead it!" I was confused, this made no sense. This didn't sound like my father, the one I once knew.

"I was always his back-up plan, this is, and was, always my destiny, my reason for existence." What was happening here? Where is all this coming from? Where is that sweet innocent girl I saw two weeks ago practically inhaling a chocolate cupcake? Where did she learn these words? She's nine...

"How are you alive?" I needed an answer to that question first.

"The day they captured me," she began, "A meeting was supposed to be held for each rebel leader, when they realized I wasn't coming they went to find out where I was. They.."

"Long story short, I saved her," A deep voice blasted past from behind my right shoulder. Gosh darn this was like attack of the past, I knew that voice too. I clenched my fist and turned. The last time I saw the man before me he was knocked unconscious with blood running down his nose from a blast to the side of the head, of course back then I had the help of a gun. He was the leader of the group of attackers. What was going on?

Marilyn began to speak again, "I'm sure you guys have met before, but Blake this is Soldier Roger..." Soldier? I thought. Wait a second if he is her soldier then...

"You got those guys to attack me, you're the reason!"

"Blake, it was a test, to see if you were soldier material..."

I didn't want to let her finish, "Soldier material?! They were going to kill me!"

"Blake I wanted to see if you were ready, you have worked for the Sunside as I've been told; now it's time to work for me... I mean the rebellion."

"I won't join you." I refused the awful offer.

"You have to, it's what dad wants for the both of us." she spoke like the president from the Sunside, she spoke with no emotion. My mind was racing, What was going on? Once again I questioned everything about reality and about nightmares, now what is the difference between them?

"Blake," Marilyn spoke again, this time she said my name continuously to grab my attention. "I need to make this official I need you to totally convert to the Darkside, you need a final test and I have the perfect one in mind" She finally showed a sign of emotion at the end of her sentence, she grinned. That grin brought back memories I knew I would never be able to relive. What was going on? I thought some more. Suddenly I heard a voice, it was my fathers'. *Protect your sister...* my fathers' final words to me began to bang inside my ears, growing louder and louder until it was all I could hear. I looked up at Marilyn, I looked up at my sister, now tell me how can I say no to the only person I trust.

## Chapter Fourteen

It's almost funny how much of a pattern my life is. If you are smart enough to follow the pattern you would know exactly where I was. I was partnered up with "Soldier" Roger for the task I was about to face. Roger was with the members of his gang (the ones that I didn't kill). Our mission was to raid the Supreme Military Base of the Sunside. I had two specific targets I had to kill, as my final test to prove my worth. This time I had my own gun to do the job. I hated the feeling of it though, the cold metal pressing against my thigh.

As a unit we snuck back through the back of the base. The darkness of the night was our camouflage, our black clothes blended perfectly; you would have to stand three feet in front of us to make out the outline of our body.

"Soldier" Roger raised three fingers, in front of the back door to the military base. Then down went one finger, and in slow motion, down went the last. Boom! We fired at the door, now it was my turn. I ran to the porous door and kicked. The door collapsed like the corpse of a dead man. We were in. Everything from that point was way to fast for even me to catch.

Bullets fired, my first reaction was of course to duck. I was still in the ducking formation as I moved forward. I knew my targets were not in that room.

We lost two men at the free fire, three more to go, plus a back-up team of six on their way. I reached the doorway to the next hall. My job was to leave the others behind, they would do their thing, I had to do mine. Running down the hall, there was a sudden feeling of freedom. I wished that I could just run from all this, leave it behind, but this time there was no possible way out. At every turn I would stop and check my surroundings. By now sirens were wailing, people were either fighting or evacuating. Where were my targets? The thought finally dawned on me maybe they left, maybe they had escaped from right under me...I was wrong.

I checked the final doorway at the end of the hall. There stood my targets, unarmed. There stood Ellen and Dave. I pulled out my gun cocked it and faced their direction. My eyes caught theirs. They were scared, they should be of course. I raised my gun to the center of Dave's forehead he was my first target. I wrapped my pointer finger around the trigger. My hand was shaking. I looked at their eyes one last time and thought... What am I doing? Who am I? What is going on? I dropped the gun. My head veered to the direction of the other side of the hallway, my team was coming, fully armed. "Run!" I yelled. This was just too familiar, I round them both up and ran, twisting and turning the place to find a hiding spot. There was none. I knew a place though, we would have to pass through the hall to the door on the other direction to get to it. It was a risk I would take. Pushing Ellen and Dave in front I moved them towards the direction of the hiding spot. My team was shooting at them, at me too actually. Ellen and Dave made it... I didn't A round of bullets hit my back, I blacked out, and within the next two seconds, I fell.

Marilyn was the first thing I saw when I awoke. I was surprised I actually woke up. But what exactly have I woke up to? My hands were tied up again. My hand was definitely losing its circulation.

"You failed brother," Marilyn sounded disappointed.

"I just couldn't kill them, I'm not a murderer."

"Neither am I, Brother, but I will do what I have to in order to win this war, even if it means disposing of scum like her." There tied up on my left was Ellen. Blood was trickling down from every part of her body. "You should have disposed of her quick, but you forced us to do this to her," She pulled out a gun and pulled the trigger. Down went Ellen.

"Marilyn!"

"Don't Marilyn me. This is what you should have done in the first place."

"But I didn't do it, so what are you gonna do about it, huh? Are you gonna kill me too!" I spoke with furry as I scanned the room. If they got Ellen. Did they get Dave too? Nope he wasn't here, he could have escaped, more likely he's dead. And whose fault was it, not mine, it was Marilyn's'. I looked up at her. "Come on ,Marilyn, kill me!"

Marilyn eyed me. Her face still emotionless. She raised her gun and shot. The bullet was way off course, it slammed the ground to my right. "Don't tempt me brother," then she proceeded to speak this time she spoke passed me, her voice was directed to the guys behind me. "Lock him up!" she demanded. Each guy grabbed one of my arms. I wasn't going to let it end like this. I was going to fight back.

"Don't call me that, I'm not your brother anymore!" and with that I was gone.

## Chapter Fifteen

My jail cell was small. I was lucky I wasn't claustrophobic. It was a box with four walls. One wall was made from metal bars. Other than that, there was a rundown mattress on the floor and a bucket for any kind of waste. No water. Food was brought to me by a guard. In a way it felt like home. The peace and quiet gave me a lot of time to think. I thought about life, the world, myself, and my family, especially my sister. What happened to her? There absolutely was no answer to that question. Was this really my father's plan. No answer to that one either Where is Dave? There were two possibilities to this one, either he's dead or hiding. What is happening with the war? I knew the answer to that one. Every night I would cower in a ball as the bang of bombs exploding shook the place. As it terrorized my ear buds. Obviously, no one was winning. Actually I knew who was winning. War. It was destroying everything. With every explosion it was winning, with every act of violence, war was winning. Now, I'm acting as if war was a person. What is going on? What is happening to me? How can I end this?!? Obviously I knew the answer to that. It was time I ended this.

Click, clack click. The sound of the guard's footsteps erupted through the hall. He was coming to bring my breakfast. a blend of whatever possible piece of garbage they could find. He reached my cell and dropped the food. "Enjoy." he joked like he did every day and with that my instincts fired. I reached through the bar and grabbed him into a headlock. With my hands force I turned him, so that his back touched the bars. One hand lay under his chin, the other moved to his forehead. I twisted my hands in opposite directions until...Snap! He went down. I bent low reached into his pocket and groped for what I needed. Finally, I got it... the key! I unlocked my cell and ran. I stopped midway of the exit and turned back. I grabbed the guard's gun and ran back to the exit. I passed piles of debris and rubble. The smell of burned wood controlled the battlefield. It was like a nightmare had come true. Dead bodies everywhere. Burned houses collapsing and turned to ash. It was a sea of red, blood filled every possible corner. There obviously were no survivors here. I looked forward to the glowing orange of the rising sun. It was calling to me. Sometimes you should just let your feet lead the way and with that I was off, into the great beyond.

## Chapter Sixteen

My feet led me to a warehouse. I knew this place. This warehouse's main product was nuclear bombs. The battle here set off the bombs and well down went the warehouse and down went the world.

I listened intently. Voices were speaking inside the place. I moved in, keeping my gun low. I hid behind a cabinet probably used for files back when this place was running. I peeked up the top.

There stood a man I recognized him. He was on a video I saw at the Sunside. He was President Caspian. Dead bodies surrounded him, obviously there was a meeting here and the rebels knew and attacked. "Soldier" Roger was one of the dead bodies on the ground. He's gone too? That's when a voice other than the presidents panting interrupted the dead peace and quiet.

"President Caspian, today we win the war." It was Marilyn's voice coming from outside my view. Then came the sound of a cocking gun. Click, clack, click. Marilyn came into my view her gun pointed at the president. "Time to end this." she spoke.

"I totally agree." called President Snow as he produced a gun from thin air. Now he had the tip of his gun pointing at Marilyn's head. This was a deadlock.

Now or never I thought. I leaped up and pulled my gun up. Now there was three guns in this, that meant in the end three bullets fired.

## Chapter Seventeen

I was back in total confinement. I don't know if I am at the Sunside or Darkside, quite frankly I don't care I can't be trusted around people now. After what I've seen I don't like to be touched or talked to. The last three people who tried to do such a thing got shot, stunned and paralyzed. Apparently, a war hero like me shouldn't treat people like that. They think I've become insane. So what if I am. I shouldn't even be alive, why the heck am I? I can't even seem to separate nightmares from reality anymore.

The Sunside won the war when my bullet passed my sister's heart. President Caspian also got hit, he died after three days of surgery. So now there is a new president, President Dave. He keeps speaking of peace and rebuilding the world.. blah blah blah. I almost laughed at his comments. Why care about the destruction when the war has been won? I laid down on the ground and closed my eyes. Its funny how a person can always blame war when really people are the reason war exist. I've always thought war is what killed my family but I am the one who pulled the trigger, I'm the one who killed Marilyn. Now I am alone. I've got no friends, I've got no family. She was the last of my family. So what is the reason? Why was she killed? Was it war....or was it me?

The End